

BLACK-EY'D
SUSAN'S
GARLAND:

IN FOUR PARTS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

Here Awa, there Awa.



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BLACK EY'D SUSAN.

PART I.

ALL in the Down the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When Black ey'd Susan came on board,
 Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
 Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William, if my sweet William, sails
 among the crew ?

William aloft upon the yard,
 Rocked with the billows to and fro !
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below,
 The cords slip quickly through his glowing hands
 And quick as light'ning, and quick as light'ning,
 on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark poised in the air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest,
 Each noble captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's, might envy William's lips
 with kisses sweet

Oh ! Susan, Susan lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again,
 Change as ye list winds my heart shall be,
 The faithful compass, the faithful compass, that
 still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsman say,
 With doubts they'll fill your constant mind;
 They'll tell that sailors, when gone away,
 In every port a mistress find,
 Believe them not whene'er they tell you so,
 For thou art present, for thou art present, where
 e'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breasts are like Africa's spices small,
 Thy skin as any ivory white,
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul, wakes in my soul, some charms
 of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
 William shall to his dear return,
 Though cannons roar yet safe from harm,
 My pretty Susan do not mourn
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly.
 Least precious tears, least precious tears should
 drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadfull word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
 No longer must she stay on board,
 They kiss'd; she sigh'd, and hung her head,
 The list'ning boat unsailing rows to land,
 Adieu she cried, adieu she cried, and wav'd her
 lilly hand.

P A R T. II.

AS through a grove I took my way,
 Sweet recreation for to take,

A charming maiden, fair and gay,
 For her true love sad moan did make,
 In a sweet bower near a pleasant green,
 Drest like a goddess, drest like a goddess,
 Or some beauteous Queen.

To this poor maid with sorrow fill'd,
 I went to ease her of her smart;
 But when my person she beheld,
 She said kind sir, I pray depart,
 What business have you here to trouble me,
 Or to be scoffing, or to be scoffing at my misery.

Sweet lovely mistress of the grove,
 Why should I make a scoff at thee,
 I do perceive thou art in love,
 And I should wish it was with me,
 Sweet lovely creature tell me but your name,
 For your sweet charms, for your sweet charms,
 my senses do inflame.

Susan that is my name, said she,
 Who am oppress'd with grief and woe,
 My dearest love is gone to sea,
 But where he is I do not know,
 My jewel's absence fills my eyes with tears,
 I have not seen him, I have not seen him,
 for these five long years,

Dear mistress Susan I do protest,
 I think I know the same young man,
 As he not a mole upon his breast,
 Likewise his name is William Lamb,
 And if he be the same I'll tell you plain,
 hat all you sighs, that all your sighs,
 are truly spent in vain.

That is the man who is my dear,
 Pretty sweet Susan did reply,
 You make me tremble for to hear,
 Of my true love's inconstancy,
 But such a thing can surely never be,
 For he admires, for he admires,
 {no other maid but me.

That's your mistake, sweet charming fair,
 For I will let you understand,
 William is married I do declare.
 To a young maid in New-England,
 And rais'd to be a man of high degree,
 Therefore forget him, therefore forget him
 Since he is false to thee.

If this be true that you have said,
 Then all my joys are laid aside,
 I am a poor distressed maid,
 None other shall make me a bride,
 Since he is false a maid I'll live and die,
 But still my heart, but still my heart,
 to the sweet William's nigh.

If I could but my William view,
 Who is across the watery main,
 Then I my mind would soon impart
 To him who breaks my heart in twain,
 And she who is his bride I'd love her two,
 Tho' he is false, tho' he is false,
 my love to him is true,

P A R T III.

WHERE is my William, where is my dear,
 toss'd by the billows to and fro,

Sometimes as high as mountain tops,
Then sinking in the waves below,
Thus like my troubled heart the ship doth move,
And like my wandering, and like my wandering
fancy it doth rove.

Sometimes in silent sleep I see,
The ship in full spread sails come in,
With watermen so neat and trim,
For to convey me safe to him,
Come, hail the ship, ye sailors tell me true,
If my sweet William, if my sweet William's,
now alive with you.

Then I see him swiftly fly,
For to receive me in his arms,
Susan, says he, welcome on board,
I do admire thy beautiful charms,
A thousand kisses on me he does bestow,
While the ship softly, while the ship softly:
is waving to and fro,

Millions of raptures I enjoy,
Fair Helen with all her beauty bright,
By Paris could not be admired more,
I then I by William, my hearts delight,
But when I awake like Rosamond fair I see,
Loves but a fable, lov's but a fable
all my contentments flee.

How does my heart thus pining lie,
When I do find it out a dream,
William is on the ocean wide,
Not by his Stefan to be seen,
O Neptune, pray be kind unto my dear,
And quick convey him, and quick convey him,
here my soul to cheer,

Boreas, instead of blustering winds,
 Breath out a sweet and and pleasant gale.
 That softly o'er the purling streams,
 My dearest love may safely sail,
 You mermaids, with your harmony so sweet,
 Charm my sweet William charm my sweet Will am
 to his silent sleep.

And when they to the harbour come,
 Wind whisper gently in my ear,
 Like unto light ning I will fly,
 William thy constant heart to cheer,
 The boat so willing rows to the ship's side,
 Calling sweet William calling sweet William,
 to receive his bride.

Into my arms he straight will fly,
 Saying, why doth my love complain;
 Tho' I have been absent many a day,
 Yet I have returned to my love again,
 I am thy William join'd to thee by oath.
 Nothing but death, nothing but death,
 shall ever part us both.

P A R T. IV

SEEING sweet Susan's loyalty,
 Tears down his cheeks did drop amain,
 My dear, behold on my right breast,
 You know there grows a certain mole,
 Let not thy heart before oppress;
 There is the broken piece of gold,
 Which we did break upon a certain day,
 When we did part. when we did part,
 and I did sail away

Sorrow and hardship I went through,

While I was on the raggin main,
Now my dear beloved Sue,
I am return'd to thee again,
No more I'll cross the raging ocean wide,
But live at pleasure, but live at pleasure,
with my lovely bride.

Susan in a swoon did faint,
At William's feet I do declare,
Soon he reviv'd his charmer's faint,
There was a happy loving pair,
William and Susan sweetly past along,
To Plymouth church, to Plymouth church,
where multitudes did throng.

Twenty stout sailors brave and bold,
And twenty maids in rich attire,
A glorious fight for to behold,
Music play'd sweet to their desire,
To accompany the bride and bridegroom there,
Now they are joined, now they are joined,
A sweet and happy pair.

HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

HERE a-wa there awa, here awa Willie,
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame,
Lang have I bought thee, and dear have I bought
Now I ha'e gotten my Willie again. (thee,

Through the langmuir I have followed my Willie;
Through the lang muir I have followed him hame.
Whatever betide us, naught shall divide us,
Love now rewards all my sorrow and ain.

FINIS.